# THE GREAT FEAST

At the Sheep-ſhearing of the City and Citizens, on the 7th. of *June* laſt:

Conſecrated for an Holy Thurſday in *Memorandum* of St. *Thomas*, and St. *Oliver*;

Solemnly holden at the Grocers Hall, *London*, 1649.

To the Tone or Garb of the Counter Scuffle.

Printed in the Yeare, 1649.

# *The great Feaſt, at the Sheep-ſhearing of the City and Citizens, on Thurſday the 7. of Iune laſt.*

MY Reader muſt not here ſuppoſe
That I will waſte good Verſe or Proſe
On *Fairfax* face, or *Cromwels* noſe,
Or *Atkins* ſavoury breech;
Nor *Skippon* (that almighty Major)
Or *Ireton* (Commiſſary Rager)
Nor will I write (I'le lay a wager)
Like *Pembroks* Learned ſpeech.

The famous Acts of Noble *Hero's*,
Great *Englands* brave Renowned *Nero's*,
And all their Stout *Biberius Mero's*
Behold their entertainment;
And if with patience you will read,
(If God be pleas'd to ſend good ſpeed)
'Tis thought the fates are all agreed
To further their araignment.

Now for the Feaſt, I hold it fit,
(Although my ſelfe had not a bit)
That ſomething of it ſhould be writ
For after imitation;
Therefore I'le ſhew the cauſe wherefore
This Feaſt was eate, payd for, and more,
And not one penny ſet oth' ſcore,
(A worthy commendation.)

These costs were spent to cannonize
Those mighty mortall Dieties,
Then stroak your beards, and wipe your eyes
If you'l behold their splendor;
Then (*Ecce signum*) these are they
Who layd King *Charles* as cold as clay,
And by that Act most fit they may
Be call'd no Faiths Defendor.

These Worthies have fought for the Cause,
For our Religion, Lives, and Laws,
And set us free from Tyrants claws,
Now truth and right beares sway:
All Taxes now are layd aside,
Plenty of all things, far and wide
Folkes may in peace, both go or ride,
The cleane contrary way.

These, these are they, whose Noble Actions
Purg'd Church and State from putrifactions,
Cur'd our distempers and distractions,
And set us all in quiet:
And have they done for us all this,
As th' only Authors of our bliſſe,
We held it therefore not amiſſe
To give them some good diet:

True Citizens, are Cities sons,
Whose wit and coine, in plenty runs,
Their hogsheads empty many tuns,
They are such kinde of folks;
For all our troubles they are grac'd,
And in the formost rancks are plac'd,
And all true Pallats them do taste,
Like Eggs that have no yolks.

This

This Army, and this Parliament,
Hath been th' Appointed inſtrument
To ſave them all from detriment
By cowing of their courage.
They kiſſe the rod, and love the threaters,
They are enamourd of their cheaters,
And humbly beg them to be eaters
Of Veniſon, Wine, and Burrage.

But for this feaſts great preparation,
And how 'twas kept with Acclamation,
I will not wrong your expectation
With more delayes or fables.
They all prepar'd to cleanſe their ſinne
By *Owens* Preach, and *Tom Goodwin*,
In Chriſt Church which hath never been
Like other Churches ſtables.

But Chriſt Church was for other beaſts
Then Horſes, or horn wanting creaſts,
Though Bucks or Stagges be at the feaſts,
Yet ſure there were not any.
There might be Athieſts there perhaps
(Who fear not Heavens great thunder claps)
Nor think hells all devouring chaps
Will ſwallow half ſo many.

Yet at theſe Preachments and ſweet prayers
There were Beaſts, Tygers, Wolves and Beares,
And greedy dogs with prick'd up eares,
But not one Royall Lion:
Some aſſes and ſome crafty Foxes,
Who hide ſtolne treaſure in their boxes,
And ſome that pleas'd their dells and Doxeys
With muſick like *Arion*.

The Preachers very zealouſly
Mock'd God (with thanks for victory,
And *Popham came triumphantly*
Well beaten from *Kinſale.*
But after three houres long digreſſings,
The Levites ſalved all Trangreſſings,
And gave them Independent bleſſings
By whole ſale and Retale.

The Pomp of theſe moſt Pompous ſinners
From Heavenly food to Earthly dinners,
Gaz'd on by Oyſter wives and Spinners,
And Porters in abowndance.
Fine ſilken fools, brave golden gulls,
Some modeſt maids, ſome ſhameleſſe Trulls,
And Trumpeters neere ſplit their ſculls
With noiſe would make a Hownd dance.

The Marſhall mounted on his Steed
(With care Prudentiall, and good heed)
Uſher'd the Heard where they might feed,
Of people made two hedges:
Next whom the Grocers Livery men,
The Common Councell followed then,
Which all appeared (to my ken)
Like Beetles, Blocks, and Wedges.

The Officers and Squires before,
(With needleſſe creatures many more)
And one a Cap of Maintenance wore,
And in his hand a ſword,
Which never man in anger drew;
For had they drawn it juſt and true,
Then never had the damned crue
Deſtroy'd our Soveraigne Lord.

Next that the Mayor of *London* rode,
His Horſe and He had each their Load
Whoſe Lordſhips both, gave many a nod
To people as he paſſes.
His Scarlet gown his back did beare,
And 'bout his neck he then did weare,
A bunch of Jewells rich and deare,
Hang'd in a collar of Aſſes.

The City muſick ſweetly fidled,
And Bells (in Changes) rung and ridled,
Whilſt on their Palfries they down didled
Through Cheapſides famous ſtreet.
I tell you that the like was n'er
Since *Williams* raigne (the Conquerere)
And ne'r will be the like I feare,
'Tis better fortune greet.

Then follow'd *Englands* Pompey (*Tom*)
And his Commander (*Well* com *Crom*)
Whoſe ſights the people (thither com)
With foure houres ſtay expected,
But they with th' Speaker and the Mace,
Diſdain'd the multitude to grace
With one good glance of one good face,
Which made them diſaffected.

For ſome ſaid *Toms* was black and blue,
And *Nols* was of a crimſon hue,
And each of them lookt like a Jew
That murdered had their Chriſt.
For ſure they can have no excuſe
For their inhumane baſe abuſe,
Their Kings and good mens blood to ſiuce,
The Dee'l them all entis'd.

Thus

Thus they in triumph paſt along
Through deere Cheapeſide, and all the throng,
Whilſt thouſand curſes was the ſong
Which bleſt them as they went;
At Grocers Hall, they grocely fed,
With which their paunches out were ſpread,
Whilſt thouſands ſtarve for want of bread,
Let's thanke the Parliament.

Neere forty Bucks, theſe Holy Ones
Devour'd, and left the dogs the bones,
And Muſick grac'd with Tunes and Tones,
This *Bacchanalian* Feaſt:
And after that, a Banquet came
Of ſweet meates of rare forme and frame,
Of Caſtles, Towres, and Forts of Fame,
More then can be expreſt.

But one thing now to minde I call,
They lackt a Marchpane like White-Hall,
'Fo e which a Scaffold ſquare and tall,
And on it a good King;
And there his head to be off chop'd,
And all his Branches bravely lop'd,
How three great Kingdomes bliſſe was crop'd;
This had been a fine thing.

Thus with the Ordnance thundring rore,
My muſe is mute, I muſt give ore,
Whilſt *Englands* woes good men deplore,
Whilſt Tyrants feaſt with joy;
But I deſire, that every one
Would humbly pray to God alone
To ſet the ſecond *Charles* on's Throne,
And all our Griefes deſtroy.

*FINIS.*